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## SLEEP'S DOMAIN.

What Strange Things Happen in  
That Mystic Realm.

Multitudes of Dreams for Hawthorne to  
Pass Upon.

There's Been Nothing Like This Tour-  
nament Since the World Began.

### CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A cold double eagle goes to the victor of the  
most remarkable dream. Julian Hawthorne, the  
popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must  
be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as  
short as possible (many of those received are al-  
together too long) and, above all, interesting.

### He Has Stopped Smoking.

While in my smoking-chair last night, I  
dreamed that I had reached the gates of  
heaven, but the angel at the gate would not  
let me in, because my name was not on the  
book. I begged him to send some servants to  
look again, but they returned with the same  
answer. I then asked the angel to go, and  
he returned saying that my name was there,  
but it was so full of smoke that they could  
hardly distinguish it. I have not  
smoked since. C. BROWN.

### Saw the Letter Twice.

Several years ago my husband was expect-  
ing an important business letter from a friend  
and business associate in London. The let-  
ter was delayed for several weeks, and I, as  
well as my husband, was anxious and im-  
patient. One night I dreamed that the  
letter came, inclosed in a large blue en-  
velope. I saw in my dream the exact  
appearance of the letter, and understood the  
general purport of its contents. Two weeks  
from the night of the dream it was repeated  
in every detail exactly like the first. The  
next morning the letter came, its size, ap-  
pearance and its contents exactly as I had  
twice dreamed it. I found that it was written  
the day previous to the first dream.

J. R. GRIFFIN.

346 East Forty-second street.

### A Prophetic Vision.

On the night of Jan. 6 I dreamed that my  
brother and I were ascending a hill for the  
purpose of seeing a horse race. Everything  
was beautiful until we reached the top of the  
hill, when all seemed to change to semi-dark-  
ness. The starting bell rang out and off went  
the horses at top speed, and my horse, which  
was a beautiful white, was away ahead of all  
the others until, within a few minutes of the  
starting post, when it dropped dead and the  
jockey broke his arm. I turned round for  
my brother, but he was gone, and I failed to  
find him after what had been to me many  
hours' search. On the 22d of January I got a  
letter from Scotland telling me of the death  
of the brother whom I lost at the race course,  
and also that in the early part of the month  
my dear old mother had broken her leg.

G. R. M.

### A Chase for a Soul.

A few nights ago I dreamed I became sud-  
denly conscious I had lost my soul. The dis-  
covery caused me great mental distress,  
although I felt it possible to recover it by  
searching. I then began to look all about my  
room. I finally stopped and looked under  
the table, and there was my lost soul. It  
presented the appearance of a luminous ball  
about the size of a toy balloon. It contin-  
ually quivered, as though filled with mercury.  
I seized an iron poker, lying conveniently  
near, and began shooting my soul to within  
my reach, when it bounded out and up to the  
ceiling and all around the room. The door  
of a coal stove being open, my next fear was  
that my soul would pass through this aperture  
and escape up the chimney. To my horror  
and dismay my soul then made an attempt to  
pass through the door, but I was so much  
guarding with the poker, filled with the  
agony of despair I shrieked, as making it  
self oblong, my soul squeezed through the  
aperture and disappeared. I then awoke,  
drenched in a cold perspiration, and found  
my room-mates speaking and calling me  
by name, and anxiously inquiring why I  
had screamed so loud and fearfully.

J. H. E. YONKERS, N. Y.

### Went Miles in Seconds.

One night about four years ago I returned  
home from work very tired, and, sitting  
on the edge of my bed, called my brother to  
pull up my shoes just as the City Hall bell  
began to strike 9 o'clock.

He took hold of my foot, and I fell asleep.  
I dreamed that I was in bed, and was awak-  
ened by the fire bells. I got up and dressed,  
and, rushing into the street, found the whole  
city was on fire. Down Fulton street I ran,  
passing people and buildings I knew well,  
and, reaching the ferry, crossed to New York,  
going up Fulton street to Broadway, up

Broadway to Grand street, and thence to the  
ferry over to Broadway, Brooklyn, and in a  
roundabout way to my home. I found my  
house all right, and went in and to bed, from  
which I thought a fireman rushed in my  
room and caught hold of my foot to pull me  
out. I awoke. The pulling at my foot was  
my brother pulling off my shoe, and the bell  
had just struck the fifth stroke of 9 o'clock,  
thus having dreamed in those few seconds  
what would have taken hours to do.

EDGAR C. KRYLE.

### Witnessed a Novel Experiment.

I dreamed that I was accompanying a  
friend on an excursion to the planet Venus  
in his aerial motor, the Space Annihilator.  
The object of our journey was to witness a  
trial of speed between a current of electricity  
and a ray of light. As we approached Venus  
I noticed innumerable airships steering  
towards the planet from all directions. On  
arriving at our destination we found every-  
thing ready for the start. The course was  
not straight away, but with a turn, the start  
being from Venus to Jupiter and return. A  
wire was stretched from the electric and  
reflector on Jupiter sent back the ray of  
light. The electricity was produced by an  
enormous compound dynamo and galva-  
nic generator, and a huge electric light  
furnished the rays. A given signal the  
electric light flashed forth and the wire cir-  
cuit was closed. Some of those present  
watched the receiver at the other end of the  
wire, while others looked towards the re-  
flector. The strain of anticipation was in-  
tense, and just as I expected to see the flash  
from the reflector or hear the rap from the  
receiver—I awoke.

### A Very Unpleasant Dream.

I send you a dream which I have had sev-  
eral times. I dream that I open my eyes at  
night and see the face of an old woman close  
to mine. She puts one of her hands on my  
chest and presses it down till my breath is  
nearly gone, leaning fiendishly in my face all  
the time. She then releases me for a little  
while, only that I may regain my breath for  
her to repeat the operation again and again  
until terror awakes. Strange to say, the face  
of the old woman is the face of my mother.  
There is no old lady in the world so dear, so  
lovely and so good as my mother. She is  
always connected in my mind with peace-  
ful, pleasant thoughts. So why do I dream of  
her thus? MRS. S. D.

### A French Holder's Dream.

During the short war France had with  
Tunis we had been landed in Sfax, on the  
Mediterranean coast, and were kept busy  
skirmishing with the natives. We had been  
fighting hard all day and at night I soon fell  
asleep on the floor of the large room where  
we had our quarters.

I must have been sleeping for some time  
when I saw the Arabs coming into the room.  
They looked like phantoms, and I was aware  
of long folds of their white burnouses. Presently  
one of them crept towards me. I wanted to  
run but could not.

He crossed my chest, his dark face  
bent over mine, a diabolical smile disclos-  
ing his teeth as white and sharp as a  
jackal's. Quick as lightning the  
lighting flashed my face, and I saw  
blood filling my eyes and dripping around  
my ears, making a warm pool under my head.  
Now his fingers were tightened on my throat  
like a band of steel, when I made a supreme  
effort to free myself and I awoke. Big drops  
of perspiration were rolling over my face,  
and the fellow sleeping next to me was rest-  
ing his left foot in a heavy ordnance boot on  
my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple  
with his left leg. I got up, straightened that  
pair of legs and went back to sleep, this  
time without dreams.

T. A. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

426 West Forty-fifth street.

### A Very Strange Dream.

Early in the Spring of 1888 I dreamed of  
standing on the shore of a vast sea. Huge  
waves rose and fell in the fury of the tempest.  
Black clouds were driven at a marvellous  
speed overhead, while all nature seemed ex-  
erting herself to make the scene one of ter-  
ror. Far off on the waves and very distinctly  
my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple  
with his left leg. I got up, straightened that  
pair of legs and went back to sleep, this  
time without dreams.

T. A. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

426 West Forty-fifth street.

### A Sailor's Rude Awakening.

Just before our torpedo engagement (abam  
attack on the Atlanta at Newport, R. I.) I  
dreamed that we were at war with some na-  
tion. We were all standing on the port deck  
of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo  
boat came alongside and proceeded to fasten  
a torpedo. All our bravery and daring  
seemed to ooze out of our finger ends, and  
we all rushed over to starboard. I sprang  
upon the hammock netting and embraced the  
foremast backstays, waiting for the shock.  
Instead of going up as expected, I went  
down, and that rather forcibly. I awoke  
and found that the footlashing of my ham-  
mock had given way and let me down  
right in the middle of the gun tracks. I never  
saw a rousing thought, since the one my  
wife gave me when I came home once "three  
sheets in the wind." U. S. SAILOR.

## AN OUTRAGE.

(Continued from First Page.)

child was a vagrant and had no home or  
proper guardians, and it is stated by the  
friends of the family, re-represented to the  
magistrate that he had fully investigated the  
case and that the parents were utterly im-  
proper persons to have the  
care of the child. The child was committed  
to the American Female Guardian Society, at  
No. 29 West Twenty-ninth street.

### AGENT YOUNG'S INVESTIGATION.

So far as the investigation by Young was  
concerned, it appears that all he did was to  
make inquiries in the neighborhood, where  
the father was very little known, and to see  
Mr. Harrison, who told him that the child  
had gone to the police hotel and she didn't  
care what they did with Tina so long as she  
was taken off her hands.

Upon this state of facts he made his report,  
and up to the present time the grief-stricken  
father and mother, who afterwards came over  
from the old country, and who have been  
driven out of her mind by her troubles, have  
been unable to learn anything of their child,  
not even where it had been sent.

### THE FATHER'S SAD STORY.

The story of his loss, as told to a reporter  
of THE EVENING WORLD by the father in his  
broken English, is a most pitiful one, and  
brutal treatment which he received from  
the officers of the Society to whom he and  
his wife and friends applied time and again  
for some news of the little one, is enough to  
make the blood of any fair-minded, justice-  
loving citizen boil with indignation.

### DRIVEN OUT OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS.

According to the father's story, he immedi-  
ately went to the office of the Society, at  
Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and  
asked for his child. This was the day after  
he was told that the child was in the hands  
of the Society, a fortnight after the child was  
taken up.

He saw a man, who from his description  
must have been E. F. Jenkins, the Superin-  
tendent, who told him that there was no such  
child there and ordered him out of the place.  
After waiting a couple of weeks, during  
which he neglected his business in searching  
among his fellow-countrymen for some one to  
assist him in his trouble, he went a second  
time with the same result.

Then Mrs. Esther Solomon, of the Lady  
Forerunners Society, became interested in his  
trouble, and in May they went together to the  
Society's office and saw Jenkins, who ad-  
mitted that there was a child named Tina  
Weiss in the charge of the Society, but he  
asked him to show them where she was. The  
father and Mrs. Solomon describe the inter-  
view thus:

### PROVED HE WAS THE FATHER.

"How do I know that you are the father?"  
asked Jenkins of Weiss.  
"I have my marriage certificate," he an-  
swered, "and my wife and the other child  
are in the old country. Many friends here  
know I am the father.

Well, get your wife over here, then, to  
take the police Court, and show that you  
can do for you. You are a bad fellow and  
beat your child and you can't have her.  
Come, get out of here and don't bother us  
anymore," and Mr. Jenkins, with the assist-  
ance of one of his subordinates, put the poor  
fellow out of the office in spite of his tears  
and protests.

### HE DID BRING HIS WIFE OVER.

He had by this time money enough to bring  
his wife over, so he sent her \$75 to pay for  
the passage of herself and the child, and she  
arrived in New York a few days later. The  
woman is now six years old, with \$25 for ad-  
ditional expenses.

The mother had heard nothing of the loss  
of Tina, for her husband's family living out of town  
adopted her several months ago, and I have  
reason to believe that she is very comfortably  
situated.

### DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE PARENTS.

When Mrs. Jenkins was told that the Society  
told her when she was committed to our care,  
she said she did not know who the parents  
were and that she was not to take care of the  
child; that they beat and abused her, and that  
it was best that they should not know where  
she was.

### OH, THAT I COULD TELL YOU. THEY TOOK

the papers in the regular way, and we  
had to give a bond that no claim would be  
made for the child. The child was never  
seen by the parents, and she was adopted as a  
child into the family.

### IT IS NOT THE DUTY OF THE INSTITUTION

to notify parents when a child is to be bound  
out or adopted?

### ACCEPTED BY THE SOCIETY'S ADVISOR.

"I never heard so. We only notify the  
Society, and if they say it is all right we go  
ahead and find places for the children, doing  
the best we can for them. This was done in  
the case of the Weiss child and we are not re-  
sponsible."

When Mrs. Harris heard the parents' story  
she thought there must have been some mis-  
take about it, for if they were respectable  
people Mr. Gerry's Society would surely  
have found it out and given the child back  
to them.

As it is, she insisted that the Female  
Guardian Society was responsible for the mis-  
take, and she thought it would be useless  
to try and get the child back, because they  
were bound not to tell where it was. It would  
be simply cared for, and that ought to be  
sufficient for the parents.

The date at which the child was taken from  
the institution could not be learned, except  
that it was several months ago.

### HEBREW SOCIETIES INTERESTED.

All the Hebrew societies and the entire  
Hebrew population of the east side in the  
neighborhood of the home of the parents  
are deeply interested in the case of Tina,  
and propose to do their utmost to rectify the  
wrong which they say has been done.

They say they are determined to fight the  
matter in the court if necessary, and the  
friends of the family have applied to THE  
EVENING WORLD to assist them in their ef-  
forts.

### THEY SAY THE HEBREWS ARE NOT AS A RULE

inclined to turn their children loose in the  
streets and drive them from home.

READY TO GO HOME FOR THE CHILD'S SUP-  
PORT.

Mrs. Caroline Kopelovich, who deals in  
diamonds and jewelry at 401 Broadway, and is  
a member of the Lady Forerunners Society,  
has interested herself greatly in the case and  
will use every effort to have it returned to its  
parents.

### IT NEARLY CRAZED THE MOTHER.

This reply nearly crazed the mother, who  
had been hoping all the time that she would  
eventually get Tina back and had been work-  
ing hard to help her husband to get the  
money which they thought would be neces-  
sary to get Tina out of the hands of the So-  
ciety.

LET ME SEE MY CHILD. I only let me see  
her," she cried in German, as she was being  
pushed out of the door, but the officer told  
her to stop her noise and closed the door on  
her.

"Ever since then," said the father last  
evening, "My wife has been sick. She  
does not eat anything and cries all day and  
hardly notices anything that is going on.  
I cannot understand how such things can  
be in this free country. I want her to give my  
children an education which they cannot get  
in Russia. When I come here they are taken  
away from me without any reason.

I first made up my mind to come to  
America ten years ago when I was in Paris,  
where I went to get a legacy that a relative  
had left me.

I heard so much about America that I  
decided to come here, not to make money,  
but to educate my children.

"I have been married sixteen years and  
have always lived happily with my wife and  
children. I have a father sixty years old in  
Dienburg.

TOLD HIM HE WAS DRUNK.

"They told me at the Society that I was  
drunk; that I beat my child, and that she  
was afraid of me. It is a lie. I never was  
drunk in my life, and my child loved me, and  
she was always glad to see me when I  
came home and wanted to be with me al-  
ways. I knew she did not like Mrs. Harris,  
but I thought she would take care of her  
and I would bring my wife to this country."

### MRS. HARRISON HAS LEFT NEW YORK.

Mrs. Harrison left New York about a year  
ago, and is now said to be living in Trenton,  
N. J.

The rooms in which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss  
are now living are three comfortably fur-  
nished apartments on the top floor of No. 192  
Broadway.

He engaged them from Mrs. Dantzig, the  
landlady, on July 1 last, and has been pay-  
ing his rent regularly ever since.

He spent \$75 in furnishing the rooms, and  
everything looks clean and tidy about the  
place. The younger child is now going to  
the public school in Broome street, and is  
bright and intelligent.

### THE WEISS FAMILY RESPECTABLE.

Mrs. Dantzig told the reporter of THE  
EVENING WORLD that the Weiss family was re-  
spectable, hard-working people, and that the  
husband was sober and industrious. He  
worked regularly at his business and was  
kind and affectionate towards his wife and  
child.

"I have heard all about the Society's get-  
ting the other child, and I think it is a shame-  
ful outrage. It has nearly killed Mrs. Weiss,  
and I know she will never be happy until she  
has her child back again. I hope she will  
get it."

### COMMITTED DEC. 22, 1887.

An investigation of the records at Essex  
Market Police Court showed that Tina Weiss  
had been committed to the American Female  
Guardian Society on Dec. 22, 1887, a fact  
which the officers of the Society have per-  
sistently refused to give out.

### "MURDER" CASE.

This institution occupies the large double  
building at 29 East Twenty-ninth street, ex-  
tending through to Thirtieth street, and has  
several hundred inmates. Mrs. Harris, the  
superintendent, seemed to know of no one  
else living out of town who had been com-  
mitted to the Society.

"She is not here any longer," she said last  
night to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD.  
She has passed out of our hands altogether.  
A very respectable family living out of town  
adopted her several months ago, and I have  
reason to believe that she is very comfortably  
situated."

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money which they thought would be neces-  
sary to get Tina out of the hands of the So-  
ciety.

such a thing is possible here," she said yes-  
terday to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD,  
and there ought to be some law to reach  
these people who take advantage of the  
ignorance of the child, and would  
about her myself if it was necessary to get  
her away from this Society.

"I know the parents, and I know that they  
can take care of the child and give it a good  
bringing up and a good education. Why  
should they not be permitted to do so?  
There ought to be some law somewhere, and  
I am going to find out where it is, no matter  
what it costs."

[But the parents and friends of little Tina  
have no shadow of right at law, nor will they  
be permitted to do so.]

SUP. JENKINS DECLINED TO EXPLAIN.

Supt. Jenkins was in when an EVENING  
WORLD reporter called at the Society's rooms,  
corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth  
avenue, last evening. He consented to see  
the reporter.

"Mr. Jenkins, will you kindly tell me  
when and why your agents took little Tina  
Weiss, and why it is that you refuse to give  
back the girl when her parents and friends  
are able and willing to take care of her?"  
asked the reporter.

"No, I must decline to give any information  
to THE EVENING WORLD," he answered, testily.

The reporter then went to the outside of-  
fice to await the arrival of Mr. Elbridge T.  
Gerry, President of the Society.

When Mr. Gerry arrived he was ushered in  
by a private entrance, before the reporter  
had a chance to see and explain the case to  
him. Mr. Jenkins saw him first.

Briefly the reporter told Mr. Gerry his  
business.

"I must decline to give any information to  
THE EVENING WORLD," he said.

Again and again the reporter tried to point  
out the gravity of this case to the President.  
He related the facts as given above. It was  
no use.

Taking a long column of clippings from  
THE EVENING WORLD, giving the opinions of  
the Supreme Court Judges, in reference to  
THE EVENING WORLD's children's bill, Mr.  
Gerry waved it at the reporter and said:

"The paper that takes the stand it does in  
this matter, and publishes such filth, I will  
hold no communication with."

"The matter written there, Mr. Gerry,"  
said the reporter, "represents the opinions  
of the Supreme Court Judges, but that is  
not the matter I was sent here to inquire  
about. The Weiss case is one of peculiar  
handicap, and THE EVENING WORLD merely  
wants to know why the child is kept from her  
parents, who are abundantly able to take  
care of her."

"Once and for all, you can get no infor-  
mation here," answered Mr. Gerry.  
The reporter went out, while the ghost of  
a smile chased itself across the features of  
Jenkins.

## A FEW FLASHES OF WIT.

### As the Congregation Filled Out.

[From Judge.]

Rev. Mr. McGree (who has found an unfamiliar  
poker-chip in the morning's collection)—I'm much  
obliged, Miss Pinhalow, but that ain't no ob-  
ligation. I'll be glad to see you, but I'm  
in cash-in-out, I'd like fer fer know what you  
been playin' dis week?

### An Open Question.

[From the Lincoln Journal.]

If all people were to "vote as they pray," it  
wouldn't take long to count the ballots.

### A Matter of Space.

[From Judge's Monitor.]

When the New York daily papers are crowded  
for space they always print Snakum with an  
"n."

### Sauce for the Goose, &c.

[From the New York Herald.]